

True Patriots put to the Test, Or a sure Way to know an honest Man from a Rogue.

Cantwell. PRITHEE, my good friend, don't be faint-hearted! Why, the country is in no danger.

Farmer. May be so, Master, may be so. For my part, I don't pretend to be wiser, and, I hope, I be'n't a greater coward than other folks, but for all that, I can't hear of all the daring robberies and cruel murders committed by that pretty fellow, Cowsteen, and t'other, what's his name General, as they call themselves, over the water, without feeling somewhat queerish. To be sure, we have among us a great many poor unhappy Frenchmen, (and it makes my heart bleed to see them, poor fellows, who have been obliged to fly their country because they were honest men, and chose to stick by the laws and constitution that all France was so hugely pleas'd with not six months since. But then, again, besides these, how many cut-throat looking French dogs do you see lurking about in every hole and corner, who, for aught that you or I know, may be a part of their confounded gang. Now, if this shou'd be so, or even if it shou'dn't be so, we all know that a rogue that will rob in one place, will rob in another; and therefore, as soon as Master Cowsteen has got all he can plunder in other countries, it runs strangely in my mind that he may take a fancy to come and play the same rascally pranks here; for the rogues, I'll warrant it, well know what pretty picking they'd have in every town in England they cou'd march into, to say nothing of what might happen to the farmers poor Wives and Daughters they might meet with on their road; therefore, as I said before, tho' I hope I be'n't more afraid than my Neighbours, yet, Ecod, I'm main glad to see our brave Militia call'd out, and that's the Truth on't.

This is all bad enough to think of, God knows! but all this, perhaps, you'll say is come into my own foolish Thoughts, by thinking of what might happen to my own poor Wife and my eldest Daughter Sal, who (as all the Parish knows) is to be married, God willing, Sunday come Fortnight, for she was ax't in Church the last. To be sure, there may be some Truth in this; and then again, I thinks of my poor Barn that's so full of fine Wheat; my poor dear Hay-Stacks; my Straw that must sell so well in the Spring; my Sheep, my Hogs, nay, my poor Dogs, for what cou'd escape from the Lantern Jaws of a half-starv'd Frenchman? I say, Master, when I thinks of all this, how can I help being a little queerishome? But probably, Master, you be'n't troubled with any such Incumbrances as these, therefore you are in the Right to make yourself easy, for as the old saying goes, "He that has nothing to lose, has little to fear."

Besides, I'll tell you what, Master, as I was walking along about an Hour ago, I meets a plump, comely looking sort of a Gentleman, who, after looking me full in the Face, My Friend, says he, if I may guess by your Looks, I am speaking to an honest Man, and a well-wisher to our happy Constitution. I'll venture to say, says I, that you're not mistaken. Why, then, says he, will you answer me truly and sincerely one plain Question? That I will, says I. Why, then, says he, tell me if you have not lately met with a great many speechifying Fellows who are trying to talk you over with fine smooth Words, and to persuade you that your Country is in no Danger. Aye, too many by half, says I. Why, then, says he, take this Paper, d'ye see, and the fift of these Fellows who begins to preach to you, (no matter how demure, and sanctify'd his Looks) stop him short, and read what I have just given you; and then, after that, if he goes on to argufy with you, and would fain make you believe that the English Jacobites are not sworn Brothers to the French Jacobites, and they have all sworn by Tom Paine and General Demurrer, and Monsieur Cowsteen, to lend all their Might to cut every honest Man's Throat among us, and overturn all Law, aye, and all Religion into the Bargain.

In short, Master, I cannot now call to Mind all this honest Gentleman's Words, but, Ecod, this I know, that he made it out as plain to me as your Nose on your Face; that between you and I, we have as plaguy a set of Rogues among us, aye, and some to,

, but that's mum, for the Truth on't is, I lives hard by a great Man who is so kind hearted to all his Tenants, and does such a main deal of good to all the poor of the Parish. Why, it was but last August he sent poor Master Hardy Fifty Pounds to comfort him, the Day after his Barn was burnt, and in less than a Week after he sent Ten Pounds to a poor Widow who's Cow was kill'd by the Lightning: then, again, he nuckles all the poor Children in the Parish, when ever their Parents be willing; and if any of the poor old Folks be sick, he sends his Potecary to 'em, and gives 'em as much Phytic as would kill a Horse. Oh, if I had but Time to tell you all the Good he does!

But I say, Master, when I considers all this, it almost goes against my Heart to say a foul Word against any great Man, be he who he will, at least till I be pretty sure of my Mark. However, Folks may say what they please about there being here and there a bad one or two among them; as for the matter of that, you know, as we say, there be now and then a scabby Sheep in every Flock. But, Ecod, I have no more Time to lose, so prithee, Master, read these here Papers that the honest Gentleman gave me, for he said that any Man who wou'd do this, and wou'd afterward pretend to say that the Country was in no Danger, must be a Fool, a Madman, or a Rascal; and, Ecod, I believe he's in the Right, so prithee, Master, now read away, as I'd fain know what Sort of a Man you be.

Horne Tooke's Subscription for assisting France to destroy all the Monarchs in Europe, and consequently the King of Great Britain, is stated by him and his Junto to be 700l. To read the Names of the Subscribers is sufficient to deter any Englishman from such Company; and indeed of that crime are not the Subjects of any Monarchy guilty, who give Money to a Nation professing an Intention to subvert all Monarchical Government expressly for the purpose of assisting them in that design?

The history of French Crimes * is sufficient to excite Horror in the Breast of every honest Englishman, and make him shrink at the Idea of encouraging or assisting a People so totally lost to every Sentiment of Virtue or Humanity.

The following Account of the Transactions of the National Convention being published by one of its Members, and signed by him, there remains no Doubt of its Authenticity.

Thursday 22d November.

An Address was read from the Society of the Friends of the Revolution, established in London. The Members of this Society express the warm Interest they take in the Success of the Arms of the French Republic: a Success which promises the speedy Downfall of Tyrants and of Thrones.

Wednesday 28th November.

The Bar was filled with English, Scotch, and Irish, who congratulated the French Nation on their happy Efforts in giving so general a Triumph to Liberty, Reason, and Truth: it was at a fête made at Paris the 18th of this Month, to celebrate the Success of the Arms of France, that these English formed the Resolution of offering the Homage of their Sentiments to the Convention. The Speech of these bold Englishmen, and the Answer of the President, were received with the greatest Applause.

Two Members of the Constitutional Society of London were then admitted to the Bar: after having congratulated the French People and having announced that there would soon be a National Convention in England, these Deputies offered six Thousand Pair of Shoes for the Defenders of Liberty, which should be delivered to them in six Weeks, a Thousand Pair a Week. The Deputies, their Offer, and the Sentiments of the Society, were received with the most lively Enthusiasm. I was decreed that the Speech of the Deputation, the Answer of the President, and the Decree which expresses the Gratitude of the Convention, should be printed and sent to all the Departments, as well as the Letter of Thanks which the President was commissioned to write to the Society.

The Minister of the War Department has written that the Society in London has already subscribed the Sum of a Thousand Pounds Sterling to furnish the French Soldiers with Shoes, and that a Thousand Pair of these Shoes were arrived at Dunkirk.

Q. Had not these Shoes been better disposed of to the Poor of this Kingdom?

Farmer speaks. Well, Master, now that you have read the Paper that the honest plump looking Gentleman gave me, what think you of it? *Cantwell.* Think of it, Friend! Why, that it is all vile filthy Trash, thrown together purely to mislead a poor unhappy deluded People, and I am sorry to say, Friend, you amongst the first.

Farmer. Mislead a poor unhappy deluded People! What, I suppose you wants to give us a little Touch of Mounseers Liberty, do you? But thank God we be'n't quite such Fools as that comes to, neither. Unhappy People do you call us! Why, is'n't every poor Man's Property in this Country his own? Aye, that it be! and then as to Liberty, why, his Majesty, God bless him! an he'd a Mind to turn as big a Rogue as Doctor Thingum there, aye, or even as Tom Paine himself, he cou'dn't, I say, touch a single Hair of our Heads; no, not if he had all the great Lords and Parliament Men at his Back. But, for Shame, Master Cantwell, what you thinks I doesn't know you then, but didn't I see you t'other Day as I was passing thro' you know where, in Hertfordshire? Aye, and a pretty Discourse you made of it truly. But mind what you're about, Master Cantwell, for in Spite of all the Lies that you're telling the poor Folks from Morning till Night, let me tell you, that we are not quite so blind as you'd fain have us to be, and Ecod, if you can't learn to speak a little Truth when you preach, you'd better by half hold your Tongue, or else ——— but you understands me, Master Cantwell, for you be no Fool, tho' I know you takes me to be one, but thank God I have as much Mother Wit as my Neighbours, so good Morning to you, honest, upright, demure looking Master Cantwell. You open the Eyes of the poor deluded People, indeed! Ecod, if you cou'd, they'd tear you to Pieces, aye, and half your pretty Brethren into the Bargain, so away with you, you canting Rascal, away with you.

Cantwell. Well, thanks to my Stars he's out of Sight, but let me move off whilst my Bones are whole, for I find there's no longer any Safety for us here, and this I must make known to my Friends immediately.

Cantwell sneaks off.

* See an Account of the Massacre at Paris on the 2d and 3d of September, printed for Stockdale.